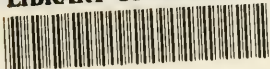


S 3531
I54 T7
914
Copy 1

The Trail of the Lost Electric



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00019492114

Lawrence Spaulding Pike



Class PS 3531

Book I 54 T 7

Copyright N^o 1914

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE TRAIL OF THE LOST ELECTRIC

THE TRAIL OF THE LOST ELECTRIC

BY
FLORENCE SPAULDING PIKE

11

THE ALLEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN

783531
L5477
914

COPYRIGHT 1914
By FLORENCE SPAULDING PIKE

2
L. 50

THE ALLEN PUBLISHING CO
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
1914

JUN -6 1914

©CL A374360

no 1

TO
SADIE TRANK HINKLEY
THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE HAPPILY INSCRIBED

PREFACE.

THERE is little to be said by way of explanation. The experience herein narrated was a hard one to these pilgrims of the night, holding no shade of humor or drollery until seen in retrospect in company with others who appeared to extract a fund of amusement from it at our expense.

If anything may sound fourth dimensional to the reader, we can only say it was very clear to us. Life has many illusions, even to the materialistic, and we are told that things are not what they seem. But at the seaside, alone, far from habitation, with midnight, flood tide and a full moon, it is not necessary to turn on very many imagination stops.

For light on the nebular hypothesis, and the evolution of worlds, thanks are due to Prof. Irving.

So, this account of an unusual adventure goes forth, with the assurance of welcome by a few friends—the surplus copies can weather the blast outside that circle. It will never hurt us—we lived through the adventure.

F. S. P.

CONTENTS

PREFACE	
CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE PILOT'S MISTAKE	9
II. THE TIDES AND THE SHADOWS	15
III. STARS OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY	29
IV. STARS OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY (CONTINUED)	37
V. MARS	49
VI. TERRA	57
VII. A TEST OF PHYSICAL CALIBRE	61
VIII. AHASUARUS, THE SHOEMAKER OF JERUSALEM	65
IX. THE SONG OF THE MORNING STARS	77
X. KARMA, THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT	83
L'ENVOY	87

THE TRAIL OF THE LOST ELECTRIC

The Trail of the Lost Electric

CHAPTER I.

THE PILOT'S MISTAKE.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
Gang oft agley!"

IN the Lord's good year one thousand nine hundred and eight, two women came out from the sweet scented orange groves, under the shadow of the mountain fastnesses of the coast country of the Golden Gate, at the time of the festival of Roses which is nigh unto the holy Christmas-tide, going unto the City of the Angels to view the great caravans. And they abode within the House of Entertainment. One had been there before, so was pilot and guide and the same was Martha, of the House of Samson, and who dwelt within this land. The other was a Stranger within the gates, the guest of Martha, who dwelt in the east country beyond the big prairies, in the land of the great lakes, the home of the Ojibways and the Chippewas, which same were red men and were hunters and fishers. But these tribes had been discovered and overcome by a race of white men, mighty upon the land, and known unto all peo-

ple as Wolverines; and after much argument and agitation. this white race became possessed of the lands; the same were makers of automobiles. And the Stranger was of this tribe.

And within the gates of the City of Our Lady of the Angels, the two rested for the space of a day, then journeyed unto a neighboring city, where yearly is held a great festival of Roses; and they marveled much at the allegorical presentations and wondrous display of flowers.

And when these had passed, and the day was done, then did they come again unto the City of the Angels, and abode therein, that they might behold other wondrous things which are round about, marvelous and many, and the pilot, even Martha, was to lead the way.

And it came to pass that one beautiful Sabbath day, early in the morning, they departed out from the House of Entertainment, saying to the people thereof:

“We go this day and hour to worship, unto the Church of the Angels, much of which is written throughout the land.”

And as they came upon the highway they beheld the multitude which went not in the direction of the church. but unto the beaches by the sea; for the breezes were soft, and the call of the water was loud unto their ears.

So they spake quietly, one unto the other, saying:

“Behold the multitude which goeth forth after pleasure; why not we? We can come unto the Church of the Angels another day when the sun shineth not

so brightly, and breezes blow not so gently, when perchance, rain may descend upon the land and we care not to go unto the water; let us this day and hour depart to the water's edge—even to the Place of Moonstones, which is in by the sea, that we may seek treasure, which abideth upon the sands;" and so they turned into the broad and pleasant pathway which leadeth always unto pleasure.

In those days two electric lines carried the multitudes to and from the city. In the great City of Angels was an intricate network of lines—fearful and wonderful, but well known to the one who had been there before, as were likewise the others which lead unto the water. And the pilot and guide had never made a mistake.

So they sought the mart of a money changer, and gave unto him many pieces of silver, and he rendered back to them slips of cardboard, the same being written over with symbols and hieroglyphics, one like unto a circle, which deciphered, signifieth "round trip," and they hied them forth to the Place of Moonstones, which is in that country called Redondo.

And much people were upon the shores assembled, searching for treasure, and the two did likewise, for pebbles and stones of beauteous hues were spread bounteously under their feet.

Long they lingered, and the round red orb which in all lands maketh daytime, dipped low into the horizon waters, and night was upon the land when they gathered up the treasure that had rewarded their search, moonstones, pastel stones. flower stones,

milkstones, bloodstones, opals, sardonyx, jasper, jade, moss agate, serpentine, fossil, starfish, kelp, bivalves, curious pieces of driftwood and some more things, and made ready to depart.

The Stranger, even the Wolverine, asked that they might remain and behold the tide come in; in the east country, beyond the big prairies, even in the land of the great lakes, wierd, uncanny tales were brought yearly by travelers out of the wonderful coast country of the Golden Gate concerning the tides of the great ocean, so much curiosity possessed the Stranger. But the pilot said:

"We are exceeding weary with much tramping, we are hungry and cold; let us in this hour seek the House of Entertainment within the gates of the City of Angels, that we may refresh ourselves; and some distant day, when the round, red orb. which in all lands maketh daytime, dippeth low into the mighty waters, and twilight is upon the land, we will return again unto this place, and then behold the tides of the great ocean rise and fall upon the shore."

And the Stranger abode by the wisdom of the pilot.

And beholding two cars standing, one against the other, they ascended up into the one which stood over against the sea, and sped away, and away, and away—toward the City of Angels, toward the House of Entertainment, toward bread and butter and jam. toward the place of slumber—for they had indeed traveled far, and were weary and heavy laden, carrying much treasure.

The multitude within the car was great, and they

took seats where they could—which place was at the rear end. The man who took the toll moved slowly. When at last he reached them, and gathered to himself the slips of cardboard out of their hands, the same which were written over with symbols and hieroglyphics, and with a circle, which deciphered meaneth “round trip,” he at once returned the same unto them, and with soft voice spake he thus:

“Not good on this line; depart ye hence from off this car, and tarry twenty minutes by the track, when lo, out of the darkness will come forth another car, the same to which belongeth these cardboards; or, pay ye unto me more pieces of silver, each to the number of thirty and five and abide within to the end of the journey, which same is unto the City of Angels.”

And the two were sore vexed. Then arose Martha, of the House of Samson, pilot and guide, and spake thus:

“Not so; for be it known unto all people that we have our cardboards, even the same which are written over with symbols and hieroglyphics, and with a circle, which deciphered meaneth “round trip,” and we will pay no more pieces of silver unto this syndicate to bring us to the City of the Angels, for, wist ye not that this silver, even the thirty and five pieces each, will buy for us many sticks of fragrant gum, and many a ticket into the picture shows which are abroad upon the land? so let us cleave unto our silver, depart from the multitude which goeth this way, and tarry upon these sands for twenty minutes, then

shall we ascend unto our own, which same always cometh to him who waits."

And thus it happened: that the trolley man lifted them into the sands of that seashore known unto all men as Pacific coast, five miles from the Place of Moonstones, and then, with his car, dissolved into the landscape.

CHAPTER II.

THE TIDES AND THE SHADOWS.

"And over all there hung a shade of fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted!'"

THUS were they alone—alone by a fathomless ocean, under the perpendicular glare of a full southern moon, no living creature in sight, a stretch of barren sand on one side, the boundless expanse of water upon the other; alone at the edge of the world; and they saw naught but the silent sands, and heard no sound but the eternal splash of the breakers; and the full moon glared down upon them, making their shadows weird.

They drew nigh unto one another, speaking in whispers.

The moments dragged by; they longed for the coming of a headlight in the distance, for what might not be in this lonely spot—surely, *what not?*

There might be pirates, there might be water-sprites, or mermaids, or mermen, or naiades, or sylphs, or undines, or gnomes, or salamanders, or amphibians. or sharks, or whales, or sea horses, or lobsters, or lizards, or watersnakes, or devilfish, each with eight long crooked arms, or there might be sea

monsters, or sea serpents, or sea urchins, or wicked kelpies, or horrid yellow dragons, lost from the waters that wash the shores of far off Cathay—Oh!

Now all these things were well known from childhood unto the Stranger from the east country, beyond the big prairies in the land of the great lakes, where they are brought yearly by travelers out from the coast country of the Golden Gate, and told about in hushed voices. And the Stranger in this hour likewise told them unto the pilot.

But the pilot, even Martha, who had been there before, answered, saying:

“Pooh!”—but looked searchingly around, and started at sudden noises.

Still they waited, twenty minutes, forty minutes, sixty minutes—and no car hove in sight. And in the moonlight their shadows began to grow weird and more weird, the loneliness became uncanny, the splashing of the breakers upon the shore became a sound of terror; they heard voices calling—calling, out of the deep; and the spray of the salt sea surf rose and fell like spectral forms, waving long arms toward them, then sinking forever out of sight in the watery bed. And then came more and more and as they watched and waited, far out upon the mighty waters other shapes appeared, and they saw them multiply into thousands and tens of thousands, dancing, shrieking, throwing themselves wildly, and coming, surely coming toward them upon the tide! and the spectral form of old Neptune was in the lead, clad in spray and mist and foam, and he, and all furiously beckoned to them to *come!* withal,

dancing nearer and nearer, and closer and closer, and as the two had fled beyond their grasp, still they dug their long fingers into the sands in a last endeavor to creep further and gather in the spoil. Then the mighty tide, and old Neptune, and all the shapes were gathered up and swept back, and back, and back—and they watched them out of sight, and heard the last shriek die away in the distance, for they were gone—far out of sight, and the sands where the waters had been were bare, and appeared not even wet!

Then were they sore afraid, and strained their eyes toward the Place of Moonstones to see if a light appeared in the darkness, even of a trolley, and they beheld no light.

Then spake they one unto the other, saying:

“Surely, this dreadful Neptune and his band have now gone to the other side of the world, and will be seen by us no more forever.” But even as they spoke, the tide gathering force, came rushing in again, and on, and on, and on it came, frothing, and surging, and foaming, and roaring, creeping closer and closer, and upon its breast, shrieking and waving and beckoning, came again the people of the deep, hurling themselves a little further upon the sands in wild endeavor to reach the two and drag them on their backward sweep—out, and out and out, into the blackness, into the darkness, into that mighty water called Pacific! and the horror of it all was upon them, and they clung one unto the other, and crept further away. Then the tide and all its people were gone again, out, and out and out—and the sands

where the waters had been were bare, and appeared not even wet! but now they knew it had gone unto the other edge of the world only for strength and fury to make another rush; and each time it crept a little closer, and a little closer, while the great Lord of Luna, even the man in the moon, who for all time hath hypnotized the tides and held them in the hollow of his land, leered wickedly down upon the scene.

Then held they counsel, and in terror said, one unto the other:

“We cannot pose like statues upon these Pacific sands forever and forever, beholding these frightful shapes which come in with the tide and go out with the tide, and swing their horrid arms, and crook their spectral fingers, and shriek their wicked shrieks, and throw the salt sea spray which doth drench our raiment; let us depart once again toward the Place of Moonstones from whence we came, and discover our car in its own habitation, and find the cause of this delay and mystery.”

So they, from the sweet scented orange groves, under the shadow of the mountain fastnesses of the coast country of the Golden Gate, turned about toward the Place of Moonstones, which is Redondo; and they looked not again unto the tides, likewise deafening their ears unto the roaring of the mighty waters; but the spray and the mist was heavy upon the air, and the same wrapped them fast, making brine upon their lips, with saline inhalation, while a saturated solution interpenetrated their vesture; and a sticky crust of salt began to cover their flesh,

bringing to them visions of a famous woman of history—even Lot's wife; and fearful, they looked not behind them.

And it came to pass as they journeyed on they beheld a dark object lying upon the sands over against the track to the left, opposite the sea; and the same appeared to be of three dimensions. Then were they sore afraid so went not nigh unto it, but held counsel, reasoning thus:

"We are come upon a mysterious object, and we wist not what it be; the dreadful sea is upon our right, and the object is upon our left; the Place of Moonstones whither we go is ahead. We must pass one of two ways, nigh unto this object, or over against the sea from which we are fled in terror. If we do not one of these then must we pose within our tracks in these Pacific sands until the coming of the dawn, when cars may pass this way; we are drenched with brine, and are cold and shivering, and have this day and hour seen weird sights; the wicked Lord of Luna followeth us with his eye, and nauras-thenia is in our wake; so, the things we seem to see perchance we do not see at all. Let us prove out, and draw nigh unto this which we believe we see, that we may learn wisdom and understanding." So, straightway, they went unto the object, and when they were near, the pilot, quaking, touched it with her foot; then was their interest upon it intent. For the object moved not, but gave forth a sound like unto pine wood which is hewn into boards, and fashioned into hollow shape. Then the courage of the two grew apace, and they came close unto it, and

the pilot, which was Martha, boldly lifted it upon its side.

Then was all fear departed out from them, and they marveled much, for the object, which same is known unto all men as a box, built of pine wood, and of three dimensions, was written over at the ends thereof with symbols and hieroglyphics, even in Anglo-Saxon, which same being deciphered, read:

“QUEEN ANNE SOAP.”

And for a brief space of time they were speechless with surprise; but the Stranger from the east country was exceeding rejoiced, because her own people, even the Wolverines, who are unto all nations makers of automobiles, are likewise makers of this royal article, which cometh out of the City of the Straits, in the Wolverine country, even in boxes of three dimensions, counterparts unto the one which was now upon the sands before them in the coast country of the Golden Gate at the edge of the world! and the Stranger drew reverently nigh unto the box, addressing it in the language of the red men of the Wolverine country, even of the Ojibways and the Chippewas, and unto this day the two bear witness that the object, even the box, radiated glints of joy in the moonlight. Art incredulous, friend o' mine? Put the same behind thee forever! There is an intelligence and a memory to everything which is made up of molecules, no matter how it may have been cut and slashed, or into what form or feature it may have been fashioned by nature, earthquakes, shipwrecks, explosions, planing mills, cart wheels, or by the hand of man. Wist thee not that metals re-

member their past states? Every atom, molecule and electron in the universe is alive, very much alive, and its intelligence and memory befit its environment. And they straightway made out of the box a chair, and seated themselves thereon, and they placed it upon the sands in position that they might not behold the countenance of the Lord of Luna, and their backs were turned unto him.

And they spake, one unto the other, saying:

"Whence cometh this good fortune in an impossible place, in our hour of need?" and the Stranger added, "surely, whence cometh into my very pathway, a visitor out of my own country and my own house?" but the winds and the waves gave back no response, and it remaineth a mystery forever.

And the Lord of Luna glared down upon them, casting over them a wicked influence, which manifested before their eyes in grotesque and fantastic shadows, and the same lay black upon the sands before them. And it came to pass as they looked thereon they saw a pair of frightful silhouettes, with hair fallen out of plumb, hanging in many wisps from beneath crooked, dislodged and spray bedecked hats; ostrich plumes which in the morning had been fluffy and light for church, were now but strings, dripping and soaked, bearing likeness unto the tails of barnyard fowls in heavy rain. So, heart-sick, they turned away from the shadows which lay black upon the sands and talked in low voices of the evil ways of him who dwelleth upon the front side of the world's satellite, even the moon, who exhibited in that forsaken spot these two shadows, differing one

from another only in villainous appearance; and they knew that since time was, he hath possessed the power to hypnotize the tides and some people, and they were much concerned about their safety, so forthwith made a circle with the thumb and forefinger of each hand, which is known unto all men as a safeguard and protection from this fell influence. And they looked not again to the distorted shadows upon the sands.

A long silence and gloom was at last broken by Martha, who spake thus:

“Wist thee, oh Stranger from the Wolverine country, that this same moon which shineth in this lonely hour and maketh wicked shadows unto us, hath verily seen troubles of his own in time gone by? yes; and wist thee what is the story of his birth? no? then listen: for know now, that he is the child by fission parentage of our earth and the sun. In aeons past when earth was still in a soft and plastic stage, the strong tidal action of the sun caused a great hump to raise up on one side, so our earth became the shape of a huge pear. The steady pull of this tidal force finally wrenched the piece off, when it fled out into space. in quest of a gravitational orbit of its own, carrying with it its portion of whatsoever of water and atmosphere and life germs its mother earth may have possessed at the time. It set to spinning, like a dancing Dervish, around its own center of attraction (which attraction, owing to its small size, was very slight; so slight that it could not keep its atmosphere and water, and they soon drifted off into space). The life germs, if any there were,

either dried up, or flew away to join the innumerable train of cosmical dust with which the heavens are strewn. This probably happened before it got back where it belonged, for it has not always been traveling in the track it now is in. The momentum with which it rushed away from earth, carried it out beyond its proper limit, and it went tumbling headlong into the track of the asteroids. Indignation was rife; a counsel of Pocket Planets was instantly called, and after a brief session the decision was that there was plenty of room out in space for any heavenly body without his infringement on the rights and territory of other heavenly bodies; a general hold up followed, and the nervy stranger from nobody knew where, was ordered out of town. He did not propose to go, and for a time held his ground; but what he suffered at the hands of the Six Hundred, before he finally got out of their track, had best remain untold. Suffice to say he was bumped and battered and knocked about by constant collision with them, His Majesty, even Eros, opera bouffe king, frequently going out of his way to give him a punch; and just as long as his father, the sun, supplies him with light, just so long will he exhibit the scars of these battles upon his face; for, all those spots and hollows which we can see so plainly, and which some people call extinct volcanic craters, are not craters at all, but scars—*bona fide scars*, made by the punchings he got for being where he had no business to be. So, one day, a heavy charge from the ranks of the Six Hundred, plus his own resiliency, sent him rolling back along

the magnetic path by which he came. a homesick, unhappy scion, who firmly believed there was no place in the sky for a moon. But he never reached the land of his birth; when within 240,000 miles of home and mother, he was again held up, this time by that mysterious force which Newton tells us about but does not attempt to explain, and there he is, buzzing around us in an orbit of his own, with the same pale cheek always turned earthward, his days two weeks long, and were it not for the light sent him from his father's house, he would hang there, a useless black hulk, which we probably could not see at all. Now. all this happened a thousand million years ago, so say the geologists. Oh, yes, the moon hath had troubles of his own!"

The Stranger drew closer unto Martha, sliding an arm within the arm of the pilot, conscious, erstwhile, of the beating down of heavy beams of reflected light from the haunt of the Lord of Luna in the sky. Then deep silence reigned for many minutes, broken again by Martha, who spake, saying:

"But after all, the moon hath retained power and magnetic balance, of which the half hath never been told." And the Stranger in her heart of hearts hoped and prayed that it might not be told in this hour and in this place.

But the pilot, garrulous, continued:

"Didst know that cucumbers, turnips and radishes increase at full moon, and onions thrive best when the moon hath passed its full? that corn will all grow nubbins, and bean pods will not fill if the seed has not been planted at the proper phase? that

vines trimmed at night when the moon is in the sign of Leo, are safe from field mice and other pests? That weeds cut in August in the old of the moon will never sprout again? that turkey eggs set in nests upon the ground to hatch in a growing moon will produce young turks which cannot die before late November; neither will weasel or hawk attack them; and pork butchered during a waning moon will all go into gravy in the skillet? that soft soap boiled in the orchard at crescent moon will eat the finger nails of all who dip into it? that carpet rags sewn in the dark of the moon of an afternoon, will bring upon the sewer attacks from the tongues of gossips? that when the red man cannot hang his powder flask upon the digit of the moon because of its perpendicular tilt, much rain will descend upon the land? but when it floats in the sky, horns up, like a butter bowl, drouth and dust will possess our earth? and didst know that babies weaned in the waning moon of May will develop a restless disposition, become tramps and depart for foreign lands? that babies weaned in the crescent moon of June will fall heir to much silver? and, wist thee, that the moon always maketh one eye a little larger than the other of all born within his influence? yes; and hath power to produce blindness by shining upon sleepers' eyes? that Napoleon Bonaparte ever ordered his soldiers to cover their heads when sleeping in the open, under the glare of a full moon, lest they become lunatics? and wist the. oh, Stranger, that shingles on houses will curl up villainously if not laid when the sign is right? that the pulling of mandrakes at the

eclipse of the moon insures one from being haunted by ghosts and goblins? wist thee, that the Aurora Borealis avoids the moon, and flees to a place of invisibility when the moon shineth upon the icy north? that when the moon is so young that it resembles a slice of finger nail, if seen over the right shoulder, brings good luck in business for thirty days, and if seen over the left shoulder, vice versa? That if, on the morning of the first day of the new year, the pancake griddle sings over the fire after the manner of a teakettle, there will come. 'ere the dawn of another new year, great, unexpected wealth unto all who hear it, yes? And did'st know also that the left hind foot of a rabbit shot in a graveyard at full moon, will bring much wealth into the purse of him who carries it? And didst know that the wicked man in the moon gathers fagots during the Sabbath rest? and in the chant of the starry choir the moon sings tenor? and wist thee that there is also a *woman* in the moon——”

The Stranger, shaking with terror like unto an aspen leaf, drew closer unto the pilot, saying in husky whisper:

“Disclose unto me, oh pilot, no more of the moon's accomplishments in this hour; my bones do rattle and shake and great fear is upon me. The wicked Lord of Luna hath power to hypnotize the tides and the shadows, and some people. Let us think upon the same no more forever, lest we forget our circle with the thumb and finger. come under his baleful influence, and mayhap, with uneven eyes, go

shrieking forth upon the waters of this great Pacific to join old Neptune and his band."

And Martha, waxing thoughtful, answered, saying:

"Even so!"

Then with furtive glances to the right and to the left and behind them, they heaved heavy sighs and lapsed again into silence, and the night gave forth no sound, save of the constant, lonesome lapping of the unresting waves upon the sands of that mighty, tumbling water called Pacific.

CHAPTER III.

STARS OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY.

"Oh deep, whose very silence stuns,
Where light is powerless to illumine:
Lost in immensities of gloom
That dwarf to motes the flaring suns!"

LONG they sat in silence upon the royal chair, looking not upon the sands, neither upon the waters, nor upon the face of the earth's companion in space, but lifting up their eyes unto the twinkling stars, and with astral vision beholding the beauty thereof, and marveling at the mighty law which holdeth each in its own place, hanging upon nothing, even out and beyond the confines of human ken, into the infinity of space, and still beyond.

And they turned unto the great milky way, with its hundreds of millions of suns, which writeth upon the scroll of the heavens a wonderful story of the Cosmos, and its everlasting glory. And away in the northern sky, under the handle of the great dipper, they saw the yellow Arcturus, even the runaway sun, bowling through space at the headlong speed of two hundred miles per second, and since the time of Ptolemy, hath to human eye appeared to have moved

but twice the distance of the moon's disc. Arcturus: the hottest star in the universe so far as human ken may compute, and in a tie with the mighty Canopus the largest body also. Arcturus: who shed his beams upon the patient and afflicted Job, in the land of Uz, and is mentioned by him in holy writ.

Then they turned to admire the lovely Pleiades, whose rising telleth the time of safe navigation, as their first cousins, the rainy Hyades rise to bring storms and tempests both to land and sea. And they talked of the spiritual beauty of the mother, Pleione, whose light is dimmed by the veil of cosmical mist with which she covered her face when Electra, one of her seven daughters, brought scandal to the home by an elopement; and they lamented that Canopus, star of Mohammed, is not visible in this parallel of latitude, for romance centers about the brilliant and fascinating Canopus, gay Lothario of the skies, for he it is who is credited with having stolen away the lovely Electra from among her beautiful sisters; but the lost Pleiad, who was one of seven, has never been seen elsewhere since disappearing from the family circle, and what her fate was no one knows; for Canopus, who might tell, keeps his distance in a southern sky, over the bend of the earth, and guards the secret well. His orange colored companion, (for he is a double star), the wife he deserted for Electra, now gives him neither leave nor license, yet holds him in an iron grip from which he cannot escape. He'll not go wrong again. And the unearthly beauty of the eldest sister of the seven, Maia, held their admiration; Maia, flower of the family, pearl of great

price, beautiful beyond description, with her starry eyes and wealth of pale gold hair, clad always in the same pale pink gown and star dust veil.

And they admired the wonderful beauty of the great Aldebaran, which sitteth within the eye of Taurus, even above Casseopeia's chair, and the brilliant Orion, which holdeth the rose colored Betelgeuse upon the right shoulder, and the amazon Bellatrix upon the left, with blue Rigel upon the left foot; and they talked about the even brilliancy of great Orion's three belt stars.

Long they watched in Scorpio the wondrous double star Antares, numbered with the dying suns, faithfully towed through space by its beautiful emerald green companion. the little green pilot always ahead as if searching the depths of ether for a place and clime which may prolong for its mate life and activity. Poor little green pilot! on a fruitless errand of love; thy companion, Antares, hath passed the allotted three-score-and-ten, as suns go, and must pass on through the change which cometh in the line of evolution unto all. But the devotion of the little star was beautiful to behold.

And they turned their attention to the brilliant white southern star, Sirius, even the great Dog Star, which sixty thousand years ago was on the eastern boundary of the milky way, moving westward, and is now upon the western border, having consumed the sixty thousand years in making the transit of that wondrous river of light; rising in the sky with the sun before the hottest season of the year, thus giving to that period more than twenty centuries ago the

appellation of "Dog Days." Brightest star in all the heavens, but not the greatest, shining unto our own little Terra, which is the earth, through one hundred and twenty-three billions of miles of space!

Then they spoke of Gemini, the heavenly twins, who bestow unto all people born within their sign a dual nature, but wonderful magnetic and clairvoyant powers; twin brothers, known unto all people as Castor and Pollux, believed by the ancients to have favorable influence over navigation. Doth not history record that the Apostle Paul, shipwrecked and picked up by a ship of Alexandria whose sign was Castor and Pollux, was safely returned to his friends in Rome? Yes.

Then again in the northern sky their interest was held by the Big Dipper, or Great Bear, and her cub, reeling and chasing each other round and round the North Pole, the outer stars of the bowl pointing always to the blue star Polaris, wonderful star of hope unto the sailor who has lost his compass. wonderful guide by night to the land lubber who has lost his way. All honor be unto the best known star in all the firmament, sitting since paleozoic time upon the North Pole in undisputed possession, and unto this day hath not been required of the world to render proof and records unto the Magi of Copenhagen!

And with astral sight, beyond the curve of the earth, long they watched the antics and weird behavior of that demon, double freak star, Algol, (El Ghoul, the devil,) and its black companion. Star of strange variability, yclept sometimes "Medusa's

Head," yclept always the "Winking Demon," or the "Demon Star,"—claimed by the Hebrews to represent Adam's mysterious first wife, Lilith; does it? no one knows, but the villainous behavior of this winking, blinking speck in space, which goes out for eighteen minutes at a time, and then blazes forth with electrical brilliancy, would bear out the suggestion.

A diligent search for Berenice's Hair was at length rewarded by the locating of this wonderful little group of double stars and their lilac colored companions, in the northern pole of the Milky Way. Cluster of sacred memory, for within this group a new and brilliant star appeared just before the coming of the Christ Child, growing and growing in brilliancy, and was vertically overhead at Jerusalem on December 25th, blazing forth on the night of the Nativity with remarkable splendor. No name was ever given to it, but it was known as the "Star of Bethlehem," and "Star in the East." It remained for a century and a half .when it began to fade, in time going out entirely; and it has never reappeared. Was it the guide to the manger cradle, or was its coming at that place and time a simple coincidence? no one knows; these variable blazing stars are many, and they appear in different parts of the heavens, and the heavens are so replete with wonders and surprises, that any attempt at explanation of phenomena like this, purporting to be connected with events of earth, are but vain and futile. Man has accomplished much, but his conceptions are feeble indeed amid the myriad and infinite wonders of creation.

Then nearer home, within our own solar system, they talked of Mercury and Venus, but the evidence of their eyes regarding these two availeth nothing, for Venus, star of Napoleon, keepeth herself so constantly enveloped in an impenetrable atmosphere, that little can be seen of her physical face. She evidently needs to wear her armor to modify the intense heat of the sun's rays, so near is she to his domain; and he pours out upon her the first undiluted product of his fiery furnace. To the neighborly solicitude of Venus we owe much; were not our first ear of wheat, and our first eggs of the honey bee embedded in a plastic meteor, and shot over to us from Venus? and have we not in the dim and shadowy past, received other favors from the same source? Yes! All honor to Venus, the abode of the Seventh Race, El Zorah of the Arabs, (meaning Splendor of Heaven,) bestowing dimples in the cheeks and chins and entangling in love affairs all people of the earth who are born under her rule.

Mercury—peek-a-boo star, dodging behind the sun from one side to the other almost before one can get a glimpse of him; endowing those born within his influence with rare intelligence and wonderful business qualities—though often of a tricky turn, giving them talent for searching into mysteries of learning and occult phenomena. Mercury, the only planet which twinkles, as he occasionally shows his face. Peeping out from behind the sun, he winks villainously at us a few times and then dodges back, secure in the thought that we cannot touch him, even though we are bigger, with a dignity of 8,000 miles

diameter, and he of only 3,000, for when he is nearest to us in his perihelion, he is 47,000,000 miles distant, so whatever may be our temper, he is safe enough. The occult and magnetic influence of both Venus and Mercury are still dominant, notwithstanding that both are at the end of their celestial three-score-and-ten, having long since ceased their rotary motion, presenting always the same faces to the sun—"at rest," waiting, like millions of others, the coming of the forces which will shock them into life and action again, and come they surely will!

Then they talked briefly of the chaotic state upon Uranus and Neptune, both in the throes of birth, uneasy in the pangs and struggles which ever attend this phenomena of nature; for, although older in years, than we, their superior size has prevented them from shedding their swaddling clothes and besides, the process is long in the hatching out of a planet. But their distance made them hard of observation, so, for a time the two rested their eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

STARS OF THE MIDNIGHT SKY.

(Continued.)

THEN their admiration centered upon the wonderful, picturesque, stately beauty of that giant vapor ball, Jupiter, and its famous red spot. Beautiful star of the skies, prince of planets, with its wonderfully colored belts with scalloped edges, its alkaline seas, and its eight moons; globe of terrific windstorms and cyclones, the like of which no language of Terra can describe; still in the hot and gaseous state, the whole zone in constant motion, restless, rolling, pitching, seething—long streams of gas being torn off by the awful winds, only to rush back at an opportune moment toward their own center of gravity. The mysterious red spot only was permanent and still. What is the red spot? no one knows; many theories have been advanced; the mighty Jupiter is accused of being a comet catcher, no less than thirty comets having headed for his celestial territory never to be seen again by mortal eye. So, the red spot may be a hole in his dark interior where these venturesome and over-familiar comets have charged into him; or, as spots on the sun are regarded as evidence of the advancing age of that orb, which in all lands maketh daytime,

so may this red spot on the face of the stately Jupiter indicate that his days of frolic are numbered, and planetary condensation has begun, which in process of time may evolve a habitable world, and later, beings suited to life upon it. Or, great Jupiter may be a sun unto the eight planetoids which revolve closely around it—a wheel within a wheel of our solar system.

But the vision of the two was somewhat disturbed by the string of Asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, in the track where the great law demandeth another heavenly body. What are the Asteroids? no one knows. They may be the pieces of a mighty world which has *blown to pieces* by internal gases; or, it may have met upon the highway of heaven one of the dead, dark derelicts with which the heavens are filled, the collision of the two breaking them into pieces without sufficient force to reduce them to cosmical dust and luminous gas, the necessary beginning of the reincarnation of stars and worlds.

After this they searched the starry dome for Saturn, and he was not hard to locate. Puzzle and enigma unto Galileo with his little home-made telescope—the first the world ever had—puzzle and enigma unto present-day investigation, even with Lick, Harvard, Yerkes, Mt. Wilson, and all the rest. Saturn, from which the seventh day of the week of the planet Terra, even the earth, taketh its name. Malefic, austere, spiteful, cold, covetous, jealous, sordid, stubborn—a contemner of women and a liar, say the astrologers, bringing gloom and melancholy and indigestion and overplus of bile unto all born under

his rule if he happen to be plagued with evil influences, and hath corresponding temper; but bestowing a splendid antithesis in wondrous wisdom, balance, judgment, profound imagination and reserve of words unto all who may be ushered into physical existence when he is calm, well dignified, and turneth unto Terra a beaming, smiling face.

* * *

Saturn! strange, varying influence. Working in perfect harmony with the mighty plan of the universe within whose bounds and limits (if the term may be used), not one atom is disturbed, but the whole must be readjusted at its expense, according to the force which sent it forth. Present at the coming of a tiny life, (if day and hour be of his rule), yielding forth for weal or woe his part as teacher in the scheme of circumstances in this, one of a series of mundane school days—the conditions of which, for that particular soul, like every other, were fashioned and moulded in long forgotten cycles. Blessed be the people of this sign who have builded well in the past—God help them who have not! and they marveled at the colors, size and beauty of great Saturn's wondrous, luminous ring—one hundred and sixty-eight thousand miles across, one hundred miles thick; unlike anything else in the universe, so far as mortal eye can reach, the find of the mighty Galileo. What is the ring? no one knows: imaginative eyes have determined it to be made up of millions upon millions of Asteroids—but no matter what its composition, in the amazing thinness they could distinctly see the three colorings.

And then the birth and evolution of stars became unto them a matter of deepest interest—their ages being written on their faces by their color; at birth a star is bluish white; with the march of the millions of centuries over its head it comes to be yellow, then orange, then passes through all the shades of red, from light rose color to black, and when it has reached this color, it is because the pall of death has settled down upon it. The changes of color come from the growing condensation from the nebulous mass of its babyhood; and the process occupies millions upon millions of years, if it rounds out its natural life without a collision. How are stars born?

* * *

The immutable law of continuation of species is not confined to our little world alone; oh, no! it extends throughout the whole universe. Time was, even in the beginning, when the mighty universe was a mass of floating gas; but that is too far remote to be considered here; so we will begin sufficiently far down the line of time, when there were already plenty of evolved stars, which had previously been condensed out of portions of this gas—consuming, of course, millions upon millions of years; and they are of all ages and in all stages of evolution. The stars which we see and millions which we do not see, because they are dead and black, or too far away, are flying through limitless space in all directions, like feathers let loose upon a high wind, varying in speed as well as in size. These great hulks, both of dead and living suns, are often getting into one another's

way. Terrific collisions ensue when they meet. This cannonading is constantly going on in the heavens. The shock of two such gigantic bodies coming together from opposite directions knocks them all to pieces, raising their temperature thousands of degrees. The whole mass unites and soon turns into glowing gas; this in turn assumes the form of nebulæ, star dust, cosmical dust—as you please—which coils up from the arrested momentum, beginning a whirling motion around a common center, and it is thenceforth, during that cycle, held to that center by the great law of gravitational attraction, from which it cannot now escape if it would. It whirls and it whirls through æons of time. following a migratory path as well; gradually, it condenses into a globe of some degree of mass, weight and density—beginning at the center. It is held in place in the heavens by the gravitational attraction of the suns into whose country it reincarnated. The æons roll merrily on; other stars come into life, and other stars older than ours go down to the grave; our special star is still whirling upon its center, and speeding along its orbit. In the passing of time it may hurl off portions of its own nebulæ in its speed, and these not getting sufficiently far away to be drawn to other centers, set up an independent whirling motion of their own around a center of their own, subject still to the parent star around which they now begin to revolve. These detached pieces become the planets to the solar systems to which they belong, and condensation of their globes is far more rapid than that of the sun which threw them off, and which holds place in

the center of the mass, because of their smaller size and consequently slighter gravitational force. This is the story of the birth of our own solar and planetary system, and of all the rest. Leaving our star now because he is too big and too slow, we will continue with one of his family of planets, as the process is faster. The inconceivably slow process of condensation goes on—too slow even with a small heavenly body, to be grasped by a finite mind at all. But with the passing of the centuries the mass becomes smaller and more compact, withal, growing hotter and hotter, until a stage of maximum temperature is reached, when it begins to cool off. It has been in color an electric blue white; at this stage it comes to be a pale yellow, and this goes on in the history of every star—excepting, of course, those whose evolution has in some way been arrested, until it reaches a stage sufficiently cool to become the habitat of organic life of some kind; truly a magnificent evolution, and who shall say that this process is not going on upon the distant planets that are whirling around the distant suns, as it was upon our own little Terra under similar conditions, when, at the outpouring of Omnipotence the first atomic cell began in ocean depths of this House of ours that wonderful evolution of which we are at present the highest expression? From the atomic cell develops gradually by evolution, intelligent beings, suited to their environment. Mind, that wonderful power behind all development, achieving and creating anything of which it can conceive.

But this is a slow process, inconceivably slow, consuming millions upon millions of years. From the single cell we have evolved a wonderfully complex machinery, viz., our present physical bodies, (as well as mental.) and woven them around the Ego. And histories to come will record the genesis of other great epochs and leaps, as it did in primeval time when the outgrown shell was cast aside and man stood erect forevermore, in the open Eden of a dawning consciousness of God, receiving from the Great Source that undying spark of divinity—an immortal soul, to which the cycles had been leading him, and of which he will never be disinherited. And this step is not the last; our finite minds may not be able to grasp the facts, but there are glorious things ahead. Our perceptions respond to beauties of sound and color and form and conditions of life entirely unnoticed in the animal limitation; and beyond our present consciousness, outside our present limit of vibrations, lie colors and harmonies and expressions of higher forms of life which we have not the slightest conception; and we never will have until another creation opens the door and brings us in tune with them. Thus shall we journey along the wonderful path, gathering to ourselves rich experiences as we go.

But for the star we are considering, and its planets: the æons still come and go, and when these heavenly bodies have reached their allotted three-score-and-ten, they begin to show decline and to dry up. Water, the most necessary element to life in any form, being the first to depart into interstellar space

—the molecules leaving slowly or rapidly, according to the attraction of the star to hold them; but they will all go in time, and the whole surface become dried up and desert; then, when there is no more sea, or ocean, or river, or lake, or atmosphere, there can no longer be life, and then they have passed through all the shades of color, and are drawn back again into their Sun, and swallowed up by it. True it is, even of the heavenly bodies, that “chickens come home to roost!” And now, when all its planets have been attracted back to the home country, the whole mass floats, a black ball, silent and cold, that cycle ended, waiting, in astral sleep, another resurrection by inevitable collision, when the whole mass and its reincarnating Ego will be shocked into life again. in another part of the universe to which it has earned a place—to gather new experiences among entirely new companions, to thresh out another cycle. So, is the birth, life, and passing of a star; and what is happening to one, is happening to all, and is happening all the time to some of them. Our finite minds cannot comprehend the vastness and magnitude upon which the universe is built. As the stars and worlds were originally evolved out of the gaseous material which formed the universe, it follows that they are all composed of the same chemical compounds and constituents, as has been proven by the wizard spectroscope.

Not one atom of cosmical dust has ever been lost, nor added to the original amount—although it has been and is, constantly changing form. From Edward Irving:

"When you see the fiery rush of a meteor, and hear its distant crash, you may know that another little world has met its doom, and ceased to have independent existence. Whenever a star suddenly increases in brilliancy, and for a time gives out many thousands of times its former light, you may feel tolerably certain that mighty suns have crashed into mutual destruction. The shooting star still exists as vapor or dust in our atmosphere; the meteor settles down to form a part of our Earth; the crashing suns, though turned into flaming gas, unite, and begin once more the same endless cycle of evolution and devolution——. There is no end, nor was there yet beginning."

Our own star, the Sun, is speeding northward at the rate of twelve and a half miles per second, dragging its nine planets with it. Arcturus, which hangs under the handle of the Big Dipper, is charging toward us to the tune of two hundred miles in a second of time; and when they meet—*biff!* But we need not lose any sleep over it, because it will not be in our day, nor in our children's day—nor until our earth and all the other eight planets shall long have ceased to support life—ceased to rotate. have dried up, frozen up, and been gathered back into the Sun from whence they came; and that Sun, which is already aging, the light having begun to wane and turn yellow, will be floating in the ether "like a deserted ship upon the ocean, its light gone out, its magnificence a thing of an inconceivably remote past!" It is estimated that Arcturus and our Sun will come together in fifteen millions of years from present date. "*Quién sabe?*"

The heavens are full of dead and dying stars, and stars in every stage of evolution, from the babe in swaddling clothes to the grizzled oldest inhabitant; and although there never will be an end to the life of the universe, there will be an end to our little Terra—yes, for it will have its day and go to pieces together with the rest of the solar system and be scattered abroad throughout boundless space. Time was when it rotated in six hours, but that day has long gone by; and it now takes something like twenty-four hours to turn itself around; and it is growing slower and slower all the time, although the change is imperceptible to us. To Omnipotence, the mighty creator and guiding force, a “thousand years is but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.” But it will one day fall in line with Venus, Mercury and the Moon, of our own system, and stop dead still—run down, to be gathered back home with the rest of the planets for the night’s rest—only to be wound up and set going again in the morning; under a different identity, in a different place in the sky, among new friends and relatives.

When our sun was evolved by collision with another sun, and the two united to set up housekeeping as one, evolving the planets, their children, the constituents of our physical bodies were in it, and came out of it; and they are as old as the original mass of rotating gas—have lived and died, lived and died again and again, under different conditions, and in different forms for countless millions of years; and they will again and again, and still again, ad infinitum. When our Sun crashes into Arcturus or into

somebody else, and goes to pieces, both to become once more a sphere of gas united into one, larger then before, containing the mass of both, our particles will be scattered throughout the indescribable mass to evolve through the long process again, to make up new forms under new conditions, perfectly adapted to that part of the Cosmos to which they have been hurled. And we shall not care; the EGO goes marching on. and will never get into the wrong pew. So will stars continue to be born—single, and in twins and triplets; for we have not the monopoly of this phenomena either, no matter to what lengths our conceits may lead us; so, as surely as the coming of that orb, which in all lands maketh daytime, every shining speck out in ether will one day “wrap the drapery of his couch about him, and lie down” in the sleep of death, ever awaiting a resurrection. And we, tiny mites of a tiny world, are following the same immutable law with our precious little souls and bodies: here today, somewhere else tomorrow. Where? no one knows! But it will be in a safe corner of the Father’s House.

CHAPTER V.

MARS.

"Hanging, like a danger signal out in space."

THEN they turned unto the red planet, Mars, our neighbor; called by the Chinese, "The Red Planet," by the Hindoos, "The Ember," by the Egyptians, "The Red Horus," by the Hebrews, "The Burning One." and by the astrologers, "The Malign Planet," because, when evilly disposed he is author of quarrels and strife, endowing those born under his influence at such times with a tendency to steal, murder and commit other crimes; but when well dignified, making his people invincible in war and courage, lovers of honor, soldiers, surgeons, physicians and chemists.

Mars: without a hill or a mountain, without a sea or an ocean, smooth as a billiard ball, and almost waterless! slowly dying of old age and steadily failing atmosphere, and lack of water; enveloped in a cold in winter which in some of the latitudes drops at night to one hundred degrees below zero!

Long they sat in silence watching the dwellers thereon, even the men of Mars, as they wrestled with their one supreme problem of existence, the

water supply; and the atmosphere was, on this memorable night, sufficiently steady to enable them to see clearly, which is not always the case. And the system of irrigation worked out by the wonderful civil engineers of that distant planet commanded the admiration and awe of the two upon the sands of Terra, called Pacific coast. And they saw these men at work, digging and throwing dirt for more canals, to bring the water from the snow-capped poles when the scanty heat of summer shall liberate it, unto the warmer latitudes where water and atmosphere are almost gone—digging and toiling, a heroic band, in desperate but hopeless effort to save their world.

And Martha spake, saying:

“Wist thee, oh Stranger from the east country, that these canals, or the lines which we see, are twenty and thirty miles wide, and a thousand and fifteen hundred miles long and one is 3,450 miles long? Yes. But we can only see a part of it, as the western end is around the bend of the disc. That large, oblong spot at the southeast is called the Eye of Mars. It looks like a big, open eye, with an eyebrow over it; and opposite, on the west side of the disc, you will notice a semi-curved dark body which looks like a closed eye. This is the Sea of the Sirens; but it isn't a sea at all, for there isn't a drop of water on Mars excepting at the poles, and that which is forced into the canals from the poles. The long curved point of this dark body, which comes over into the center of the disc, is called the Siren's Beak; and you will notice a canal starting from the Beak

and running northeast to a large dark spot, which is called Phoenix Lake—but like all other lakes of Mars, is not a lake. And with Phoenix Lake as a hub, you may see a number of canals starting from it, growing wider apart as they proceed away—in all directions, like spokes of a wheel—strung with dots, and ending at dots; and notice all over the whole disc, even extending through the dark regions, a perfect network of geometrical lines, crossing and intersecting, always at a dot, forming triangles of all shapes. Around the bend of the northern end of the Sea of Sirens, too far around for us to see, seven canals start from one point, proceeding apart in perfect geometrical precision, all coming to dots where they meet other canals coming from opposite directions.”

The Stranger was awed, and spake, saying:

“What about these dots? what are they? I am not at all certain that I see them.”

And Martha answered:

“*See them? Of course you do!*” They are the irrigated centers where the people live. If you look closely, you can see the people moving about, just as you can see them working on the canals; it is easy enough when you once accustom your eyes to the long distance. These lines, thirty miles wide, which we see, and which are called canals, are not the real canals at all, but the growing crops each side of the canals proper; the canals are not visible because of the vegetation and because, also, the Martians keep them covered to prevent evaporation. After the crops turn yellow, and are harvested, the

lines become very faint; but in the spring again, with the melting of the polar snows, when the water is forced into the canals again, and down towards the equator, and vegetation starts, the lines again come into view, darken, then turn yellow when the grain is ripe; and this process is repeated year after year. In looking from a distance to the irrigated districts on our earth, we can never see the ditches—only the growing crops near them. So it is with Mars; the growing crops hide the water from sight—and after the crops are harvested no more water is allowed in the canals, as it would be wasted, and water is too precious on the planet Mars to admit of this.”

Then spake the stranger, saying:

“How would it be possible to find enough material to cover such an intricate and multiple network of canals, extending all over the whole planet from pole to pole—each twenty and thirty miles wide, and a thousand and fifteen hundred miles long—what could they get to cover them with, and how could they manage it?

Then Martha, with a dignity befitting the occasion, replied:

“Thou asketh, indeed, a foolish question, oh Stranger, and one which none may answer; be content to know that so remarkable a people as these Martians, with a Board of Public Works, able to lay out and construct such a gigantic, planet-wide system of waterways as we now see, would never fall down for ways and means to cover them—that would be easy, after the rest!”

But the stranger spake again, saying:

"Do not these lines on Mars resemble the markings on Mercury? and is Mercury also digging canals?"

To which the pilot answered, saying:

The lines on Mars most certainly *do not* resemble the lines on Mercury, save, mayhap, to *very* callow observes; look thee closely at Mercury's markings at earliest opportunity, and note that his lines are great cracks, probably caused by the rapid drying up; for his home is under the very eaves of the sun, and he is without the protecting blanket of vapor which surrounds Venus. So, he must have been short lived, and his remains have been baking at white heat for millions of years. Mars is further away from the sun than we are, so has not even the heat and light that we have; besides, do we not plainly see evidence of life and intelligence there? The perfect geometrical precision with which the canals are cut explodes all argument about the lines being simply natural surface cracks, for nature's work is irregular, and never in perfectly straight lines, and then those double canals which we see—hundreds of miles long, running side by side, in straight lines—exactly the same distance apart for the entire length, can never be the work of nature's forces."

And for a time the two lapsed into silence, broken by the stranger, who, persistent, spake again, saying:

"Can it be, oh pilot, that enough frozen water standeth at the poles of Mars, when all else is dried up, that at its melting during martian summers,

there is sufficient to fill all these gigantic conduits which we see streaking up the whole surface of its globe?"

And the pilot again answered, saying:

"Verily, oh stranger from the east country, thy mind doth take super-inquisitive turn in this weird hour of the night. Thou doth ask what kind of material is used for coverlids by a board of public works on a distant world in space, and even now would'st know the measure of water in its polar seas! Rest thee in peace; these neighbors of ours, even the people of Mars, are not cutting up their surface into water ways without assurance of the wherewith to fill them!"

And the Stranger, overcome by the wisdom of these words, retired into absolute, respectful silence, venturing no further question.

And how busy are the men of Mars! New canals are constantly appearing, sometimes two or three within two or three years, and of thousand-mile lengths. Two canals were at that time in the process of building, and were seen by others, as maps of Mars issued later showed.

Thus they watched the men of Mars throwing dirt, as any one may watch them in a clear, steady atmosphere, which same is not obtainable in all parts of the world. Atmospheres are likely to vibrate so rapidly that they interfere with such close observations as the correct study of what a people are doing on a distant world; but given the proper conditions, and it is a very simple matter. And the two, noting the ease and rapidity with which these neigh-

bors of ours worked, concluded that not an over large force of workmen from Mars could plan and execute to completion a terrestrial Panama waterway in about five days! These people are older and wiser than we—and with their more perfected telescopes they have probably been watching our little work at Panama—so big to us, forty-seven miles long—400 years in building—with some degree of amusement, wondering what it is all about. And they saw another band of toilers, men with yellow complexions dressed in white, dragging and piling material in great heaps for the gigantic bonfires with which they at stated intervals have for years been signaling the Earth. in last wild, pathetic appeal to us to send them help and water and carbonic acid! and the two spake, one unto the other, of the great strides that science is making in our own little world, and knew that if Mars, our brother in distress, our nearest neighbor in space, could hold on awhile longer, a master mind upon this Earth will construct and guide an etherial bark beyond the dead line which keeps worlds apart, making it possible to navigate the infinity of space, and though we cannot save a dying world, we may carry to it a message of tender love and sympathy in its hour of need, and maybe bring its people here. One hundred years more of the world's progress will produce features and results which would stagger the imagination of the present day, and lay away present day achievements in the attic.

And they hoped the world would soon get about the long-talked-of plan of laying the ten million dol-

lar mirror flat upon the plains of Texas, our signal unto Mars that we have seen and understood. These Martians are wonderful people; and there is a sadness in the thought that they are nearing their end. But in sympathy and pity, powerless to aid, the two could only sit upon the Royal Chair and watch the last manifestations of a life that must soon disappear; for Mars hath lived its season out and is tottering toward the grave. Then will another cycle of that planet be finished, and it will enter upon its season of rest—after which cometh the resurrection, according to the great law.

And again they rested their eyes, covering the same with their hands, for the tax upon them was great. Remember—'twas across a gulf of space of *thirty-five millions of miles* they had been looking, at the people and the canals of the red planet Mars!

CHAPTER VI.

TERRA.

"A stage, where every man must play a part."

AND resting their eyes, thought grew into speech, of their own little world, tiny speck though it is—lost in the magnificence which surrounds it out in space.

Little Terra, all our own; pride and boast of its own manifested life.

Little Terra, speck of dust upon the mighty ocean beach of infinite space.

Little Terra, regarded by the Ancients as the center of the universe, and the Mogul for whose edification the sun and all the stars of heaven were created.

Little Terra, supposed at first to be flat—then round—but which isn't perfectly round, because it is flat at the poles, and bulges at the equator; and it doesn't spin straight round and round upon its axis, either; *it wobbles! wobbles like a top that's running down!*

(And little Terra pulls off some queer stunts once in a while. It is a scientific and a physiological fact that the nearer people live to the equator, the rounder are their heads!)

Little Terra—reeling around with one motion, rushing ahead with another; rushing hand in hand with its own solar system at a pace of eighteen miles in a single second of time. Rushing where? no one knows! We are headed straight for the constellation Lyra, the Harp of Orpheus, and Lyra is speeding away from its present place as fast as we are approaching her! what of the dimensions of this space through which we are flying? And they gave thought and reverent speech unto the Omnipotence which guideth the whole stupendous scheme—even the millions upon millions of suns, living and dead and in the throes of birth—each a center unto its own planetary system, each a spark of the Great Whole, each fulfilling eternal Nature's law, each held in its own place by the Great Law by which every particle of matter in the universe is pulling every other particle toward it—why? No one knows! The great cycles have not yet evolved another Kepler, Galileo, or NEWTON, to give unto a waiting, listening, eager world an answer to the question which it asks. And they became wonderfully silent before the incomprehensible, for the finite cannot grasp the infinite; then they thought upon the extreme littleness and foolishness of that pseudo-important dweller of the earth—MAN! mighty and great in his own opinion, in reality, only a simple, indestructible atom of the stupendous Whole; but however little and however foolish, each serving his own purpose in the mighty scheme of Creation, each fulfilling his own part to the great Whole. Considering his beginning, his evolution, since the dawn of life upon the earth, and

from that time until the time when he first stood erect, has been astonishing; and from that time until the present he has shown an evolution and achievements which we would not hesitate to pit against that of the animate life of any other planet. He has unearthed and gauged many of the hidden forces and powers of the little green ball on which he lives, and has harnessed them, making them to do his bidding. His discoveries have not been confined to the earth alone; he has stood on the shore of the mighty ocean of space, and looking out across its limitless expanse, has learned that which staggers an ordinary mind; and he will go on and on into the boundless realms of knowledge and discoveries, building, the while his stepping stones out, and out, and out—upon the apparent Nothing of empty space. And it matters not into whatsoever labyrinths and corridors he may stray, or however far, tiny mite that he is in the Great Cosmos, he can never be lost or overlooked in his Father's House of Many Mansions, for God, and the law of Karma, will take the kindest care of all. And the grandeur of the mighty scheme was upon them, and all fear was cast out from this time; and the evil efforts of the Lord of Luna were lost unto them from that time forever.

Then the pilot, even Martha, spake, saying:

“We have this night beheld countless wonders, but it is not meet that we tarry here longer; for, wist thee, that within the city at the House of Entertainment, our friends do mourn, and will not be comforted because we came not unto them at the appointed hour? and in the window there burneth

a beacon light unto our coming. Let us arise and go hence."

And the Stranger listened to the wisdom of the pilot, and answered, saying:

"Even so!"

Then they departed off the box of three dimensions. kin of a royal house, host of a wonderful night, child of the City of the Straits in the east country, the land of the great lakes, the home of the Ojibways and the Chippewas, and of the Wolverine people; and the same they left upon the sands at the edge of the world, with fond farewells and lasting regrets, for those who might come after. And once more they took up the trail.

CHAPTER VII.

A TEST OF PHYSICAL CALIBRE.

“My kingdom for a horse!”

AND they came unto the gates of a new city which was to be built upon the sands, but no building was yet. And over against the city that was to be, they beheld a post, and a board was nailed thereon; and upon the board thereof it was written even in Esperanto:

“HERMOSA BEACH: REDONDO TWO MILES!”

Then for a time was all speech paralyzed; and they thought unkindly upon the car which had not come unto them, and upon the long, weary miles already traveled by them on this memorable night; they were hungry and cold, and their garments were heavy with the penetrating mists which ever arise from old ocean at the season which is nigh unto the holy Christmas tide at the edge of the world. And the Stranger from the east country, beyond the big prairies, in the land of the great lakes, in sorrow, spake, saying:

“Dost thou, oh Martha, see as I see, and read as I read? My head have I not uncovered to the Lord of

Luna, neither have I broken my circle with the thumb and forefinger, which is protection against his fell influence. Behold this finger post: doth it read, that the Place of Moonstones, even Redondo, whither we must hie this night, lieth beyond, even to the measure of *two miles?*”

And Martha, of the House of Samson, strong, and of unshorn locks, sighed heavily, and answered, saying:

“Even so! thou hast read aright, oh Stranger; the Place of Moonstones whither we go, lieth beyond, even to the measure of two miles; thus saith the finger post!”

Then again spake the Stranger, saying:

“We cannot journey farther; it is beyond the limit of human endurance; our time has indeed come; let us cast our treasure upon the sands and give up the ghost. The kind sea gulls will sing our requiem, and the elements will bleach our bones!”

Then answered Martha, saying:

“Not so, Stranger from the lake country in the east; wherefore sayest thou, ‘Let us cast our treasure upon the sands and give up the ghost?’ wist thee not that we can only do this when we have finished our work? no man can tell what yet remaineth for us to do. When we behold the majesty of the mighty Cosmos, do not the petty things of our little life appear as naught? and when we consider the wondrous journey of the stars above, what availeth our little trip? A journey seemeth to be what it is according to the lenses through which it is viewed. We have this night traveled but an infinitesimal arc of the

circle of our infinitesimal earth. If we must complain, let us do so, verily, because we see not the lesson to be learned from this experience. So, let us go upon our way without murmur or complaint."

And the Stranger harkened to the wisdom of the pilot, and answered, saying:

"Even so!"

And they faltered not again unto the end. And ever and anon, they came upon monuments of strange architecture, and many in a state of building; but the same were deserted unto the night. And they went not nigh unto them, lest they be surprised by astral tenants; for, already had their experience been sufficient unto the day thereof. And they met no living creature upon the way, neither a car. And their feet sank deeply into the sands of the seashore, which is known to all men as Pacific coast; and they walked not upon the same when aweary, but betook themselves unto the ties which held the rails of the shadowy electric, which they sought, and found not; changing back into the sandy path when they stumbled and fell. Thus were the weary miles dragged on.

CHAPTER VIII.

AHASUARUS, THE SHOEMAKER OF
JERUSALEM.

"When shall we three meet again?"

THEN suddenly out of the hazy distance ahead a dark, moving figure appeared; and they noted that its course was toward them, following a zigzag line; and they were filled with terror, but could only cling one unto the other, because no place of concealment was at hand. And, as the figure drew nearer, they beheld the same to be an old man, tall of stature, barefooted wearing a long, loose coat, which reached to his feet, held at the waist by a girdle; his long white hair hung over his shoulders, his long white beard fell to his waist; his skin was the color of parchment and there was no spot of dirt upon his vesture. His gait was shuffling, and in his hand he carried a white stick.

And when he espied the two standing out of his path, he forthwith directed his steps unto them; and they, observing this, felt the blood within their veins freeze to ice; for ghastly fear was upon them. When the old man stood before them, and noted their blanched faces, he spake unto them in their native tongue, but with foreign accent, saying:

"Stand ye not before me in terror; I do no harm to any living creature. I am this hour on my way to yon city of Our Lady of the Angels, even on my journey round the world."

And he paused, sighing heavily.

Then in awed voice spake Martha, saying:

"Indeed, thou art verily a traveler; who mightst thou be, and from whence comest?"

The old man answered, saying:

"I come from no place in particular; I am a native of Jerusalem, by birth a Jew, by trade a shoemaker, plying my craft in the early part of my first century upon the earth; *a traveler, didst thou say? listen: my name is Ahasuarus!*"

He paused, searching their faces sharply with his eyes as he spoke the name; but observing no sign of recognition he continued:

"I am ever in quest of rest, which I may not attain, nor the sweet repose of death."

And another heavy sigh ended the sentence, while he marked in the sands with the white stick which he held. Then spake Martha, saying:

"Thou art indeed far from home and kin, but art upon a cosmopolitan shore, and must surely find thine own people. Wherefore canst thou find no rest? also, thou speakest strangely of the centuries, and of thine age; and doth complain that thou findest not 'the repose of death,' which in due time surely cometh unto all. Men do not oft seek hungrily after death."

The aged man bent his snowy head, turned toward the two, fixing his piercing black eyes full upon them, saying in husky tones:

"Home?—I have none! neither kin; for two thousand years I have walked the earth, homeless, friendless and alone; and I must go on, and on, until the coming of the Nazarene, who was called the Christ; for He it was who commanded me."

He paused and no one spoke, for these were strange words; and the two were unable to comprehend. The old man again broke the silence, saying:

"Hast ever read in the Gospels that 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?' ay, give heed unto it, women, and sow wisely, for, hark ye! every act bringeth a result—be it good or evil; do kindness, and kindness returneth unto you; do hurt, and hurt is hurled back in proportion as you gave. No man hath had opportunity as have I, to know the mighty truth of the Great Law."

He paused of speech, but not of feet, which same shuffled eternally—glancing hurriedly around like one pursued. He continued:

"What is life? Is it limited to three-score-years-and-ten? What is a paltry three-score-years to me, when twenty centuries are within my living memory!"

And a bitter smile flitted for a brief second across his face. He went on:

"Yes. I am far, indeed, from what I called my home, Jerusalem, where one day I left my beloved wife and child, and my unwilling feet have never paused for rest in all that time; I cannot stay them. *That was the first Good Friday!*"

And another pause ensued, while the old man marked with his white stick in the sands, which are known unto all people as Pacific Coast.

“And each time I attain the age of one hundred years, then do I return again unto the youth of that awful day—which same is thirty years, to live on again to the end of the century, without rest, without hope for the death which cometh to all others; going without halt from country to country, speaking always the language of the one I am in—my weary feet bearing me in every direction, and always back unto Jerusalem, *lest I forget!* I am powerless to guide my footsteps. Know ye, oh women, that though I may not die, yet death followeth in my wake? For when cholera reigneth upon the land, know ye that one year before my feet passed over the place!”

And the two looked wonderingly upon him. Then again spake Martha, of the House of Samson, saying:

“Thou doth indeed speak strange words, and tell strange tales; wherefore sayest thou, ‘whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?’ what didst thou sow? Didst do grave hurt unto thy brother?”

The old man looked hurriedly around in all directions, then bent his white head toward the two, speaking in husky whisper:

“*I struck Him, the Nazarene!* I was a leader among those who demanded His removal. I believed Him to be a deceiver of the people, a Sabbath breaker, and guilty of treason unto Cæsar; and had done my best with others to bring Him to justice, and have Him put out of the way. I was with the soldiers when the crown of thorns was plaited and set upon His head. I leaped forward and pressed it

heavily down—with all my strength, and laughed to see the blood trickle from the wounds. He turned a full look upon me, but spake no word. I followed on into the judgment hall of Pilate, when He was brought in for trial. I cried loudly with the mob unto Pilate to release to us Barabbas, and crucify this Nazarene, and when it was over, and sentence had been passed upon Him, and they were leading Him out of the hall, I struck Him with the back of my hand. Again He turned His eyes full upon me, but spake no word. I knew He would be dragged past my house on His way to Calvary Hill, so I ran home to summon my household to witness the event; and standing on my doorstep I lifted my child in my arms, holding him high above the heads of the people who followed, that the little fellow might see the Nazarene. He bore upon His back the heavy cross upon which He must suffer death. When opposite my door He stumbled under its weight and fell. I taunted Him, bidding Him with loud voice, heard above the jeering of the crowd, to get up, keep His feet, and go on faster. Once more He turned full upon me the same look which I had seen twice before. this time saying in clear, calm, low voice: *‘I will go faster, but thou wilt tarry upon the earth until I come again!’* That was my sowing, and the harvest has endured for two thousand years—two thousand years! I was stricken at His words with restlessness of feet. and setting my child down upon the doorstep of my house, I followed on helplessly with the crowd to the place on Calvary Hill where the cross was planted. My feet would not turn else-

where. I was an eye witness to the crucifixion—I saw the whole awful tragedy, and had no power to turn my eyes away. I was held to the spot through the terrific thunder storms and quakings of the earth which followed, and heard the wail of horror and consternation and despair which went up when the veil of the temple, which required seventy men to operate, split from top to bottom like a cobweb. I saw the soldiers cast lots for His vesture, and saw the body lowered down from the cross and borne away by Joseph of Arimathæa and Nicodemus, who brought spices, myrrh and alces, and a winding sheet. I saw them wrap Him, and finally lay Him in the sepulcher; and when my horror was full, it came upon me suddenly that I could no more return to Jerusalem, but must go forth to foreign lands, thenceforth, forever, a pilgrim and a wanderer, and so, my unwilling feet took me away; I never saw wife or child again, nor heard I news of them. Then it came to my ears that this Nazarene had broken the bonds of death, and walked again among His people on the shores of the Lake of Galilee; I tried, but all in vain, to turn my steps that way that I might seek Him and beg surcease from the curse which was already so heavy upon me, but my feet hurried me in an opposite direction. I was weary with the burden of my first one hundred years of life, when I came again unto Jerusalem, only to find it in ruins; not one stone left standing on another—all thrown down. I could not recognize former localities, and no man lived who had ever heard of my beloved wife. or of my boy. Others could die under such heavy affliction --but death is not for me—not for me!”

And for a time he paced to and fro before them with bowed head; then spake he further:

"I have sought death in every form. I have thrown myself from high cliffs; I have many times hurled myself from Mt. Carmel into the sea, but always cometh a rescuing hand to save. I was in Rome when Nero set it on fire; I tried to burn in the flames, but not a hair of my head was singed. I was in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and when the signal was given to kill all Huguenots, I disguised as one of that people, entering the thickest of the slaughter; but though men fell all around, I stood unscathed and unharmed. I have walked through the jungles of India and Africa, and the wild animals and reptiles turn from my presence and slink away! I have drunk to the dregs cup upon cup of the deadliest poison, but it is ever a tonic and an invigorator. I have refused to partake of food for unlimited time, but nothing avails—nothing! *I cannot die!*"

Then the Stranger from the east country, shaking with terror, and with blanched face, upon which revelation had unmistakably dawned, spake unto the old man, saying:

"Art thou he of whom St. John gives mention in his Gospel—he whom the centuries have called 'the Wandering Jew?'"

And the old man answered, saying:

"Thou hast said it, *I am he!*"

Then, indeed, did the Stranger from the east country hang heavily upon the arm of Martha, even the pilot, and Martha, faint and dizzy at the old

man's revelation, bore the weight unsteadily. After many minutes of silence, spake Martha, saying:

"We have indeed heard of thee, oh wanderer; thy life story is known about every hearthstone, and unto all people. We know not what words of consolation we may speak unto thee; but thou knowest that one day thou wilt be released."

"Released? Yes, at His coming; and hark ye! *I am about to end my journeyings.*"

He came nearer unto the two, holding up a forefinger, and with the same beating time unto his words, speaking in low voice and with moderation:

"All prophecies which are written are fast being fulfilled; the signs have been my earnest study for centuries. When the fig tree putteth forth its leaves we know that the summer is nigh. All signs now point to the rising of another Star in the East, and for the event no man waiteth so eagerly as do I."

And for a brief space of time all was dead silence. Then spake the Stranger from the east country, saying:

"Though hast, indeed, had full measure of life, and seen all lands, and witnessed wondrous events in thy travels."

"Aye, I have seen all the important events, and the changes of two thousand years in the governments and customs of many countries; but since my life was extended I have no pleasure in them. I seek only for death; I long only for the one event which will stay my wanderings, and set me free—the coming of the Man of Nazareth."

Then silence fell heavily upon them, and the two marveled much at this strange meeting upon the sands at the edge of the world. But the aged Jew had not stayed his pace for even a brief moment—pacing, ever pacing. At this moment he seemed unable to remain longer, and with hair and garments fluttering as if blown about by a heavy wind, he suddenly gathered his coat around him to depart. Turning hurriedly unto the two, who quaked before his presence, with rapid speech he said unto them:

“I have told you that always with the culminating of one hundred years I renew my age; in this process my old skin sloughs off, and a new one, without wrinkle or furrow, and with smoothness and beauty of young manhood taketh its place. On the morrow, once again, one hundred years is done. I shall abide for the time within the gates of von City of the Angels, where, perchance, ye may care to follow, to witness so strange an event. On such occasions I remain two days in the place where it occurs; ye will find me at——”

But the restless, traveled feet were fast carrying the old man down Angel City way, and his voice became faint and fainter, passing soon beyond the range of human ear. And the two, with horror upon their faces, stared after the vanishing form until it faded into the uncertain haze of the distance, and was gone forever from their sight. Then in hushed voice spake the Stranger, saying:

“What is this, oh Martha, which hath appeared unto us and vanished again with this lonely hour, and in this unhallowed spot? May it be a troll, or,

perchance, do thee and me grow queer with much fatigue, and have strange fancies?"

But the pilot spake no word. The Stranger continued:

"Hath this old man, mayhap, slept in the open, with uncovered head, beneath the glare of yon full moon, becoming a victim of that wicked orb?"

But Martha spake no word, neither moved.

"Or,"—and the Stranger's voice sank into a whisper, scarce audible,—“is it as he hath said: have we been face to face upon these sands with that strange life of two thousand years—that actual being whom tradition claims doth wander still upon the earth, obeying, without power to halt, the Lord's command: *'Tarry thou, until I come?'* a man two thousand years old—an eye witness to the crucifixion and the horrors that followed? speak. oh Martha!"

But Martha spake not. Then the Stranger laying a hand lightly upon the arm of the pilot, at which the pilot started as from a dream, spake further, saying:

"Art turned into a statue? Answer, oh Martha, dweller in this coast country of the Golden Gate, wherein such wonders do befall; what of *this*, which thou hast shown me even within thy land, whilst I am far from home?"

And Martha, dazed, perplexed, awed—at last found voice to say:

"Ask me not, oh Stranger from the east country. I have no ken of this which we have seen and heard within my land. If we indeed be queer with much fatigue, 'twere passing strange that both be queer

alike, and so behold like vision. Let us put the same behind us, thinking on other things. Verily, let us quickly forget it! My brain doth whirl, and goose-flesh standeth thick upon my body; let us hasten hence with fleetness of foot, lest this strange wanderer, even Ahasuarus, retrace his steps, and mayhap, shed his horrid skin before our very eyes!"

And the Stranger from the east country answered, saying:

"Even so! But the world will agree with thee and me, that this affair doth present a bigger riddle than thine ancestor, Samson, ever put unto the Philistines!"

And they quickened their steps in the slippery sands, and pressed rapidly forward; withal, glancing oft behind them. And the Stranger, turning erstwhile, beheld Martha, even the pilot, and saw that her hair was snow white!

CHAPTER IX.

THE SONG OF THE MORNING STARS.

"And so, thro' glories veiled and fair, behold
The Choral Stars that sang so loud and sweet
On the first morning when creation sprang
In dewy beauty from Jehovah's hand."

AND Aurora, goddess of the morning, prepared to open the gates of day unto the world. And the two, beholding the first streak of gray dawn breaking upon the eastern horizon, were filled with joy. And they halted in their journey to watch the gathering of the rays of light which in all lands maketh daytime, and over the vast expanse of sand the sight was one of beauty, and grandeur, and majesty. And the silence round about them was deep, and the noise of their footfalls upon the sands was hushed; for they moved not, neither was there any sound round about, save the soft, rhythmic plashing of the waves upon the shore.

But suddenly there broke upon the ear a prelude of wondrous harmony, coming from the upper air; floating like a cloud of incense and echoing over the lofty dome. And they, harkening unto it, looked above for angel forms and beheld them not. Then were they greatly amazed; for the music, entrancing

—wonderful, filled all the heavens, seeming to come out of and byond the twinkling stars—the sparkling fragrance of the young morning air pulsing with waves of harmony, sweeter far than voices, or stringed instruments, or æolian harps of earth could ever produce; chords and symphonies that held them motionless; measure upon measure of wondrous melody—now soft and low, and far, far away, now loud and full and near, rising and falling in majestic cadence, causing the whole heavens to vibrate. And they were thrilled and awed, and spake no word one unto the other lest the music cease; and the tones from Jupiter and Saturn were bass; from Mars, tenor—the same being like unto the swan's which singeth sweetest in its hour of death; from Earth and Venus came wonderful. rich contralto; from Mercury, purest soprano; while the wan, pale Moon, now fading and sinking into the waters of the western horizon, laid aside all malignity, and beaming with love unspeakable, lifted up its voice, now in soprano, now in tenor, varying—changing, flitting, true to its own shifting character, but sweet and low, far, far away!—Uranus, Neptune, Sirius, Procyon, Castor and Pollux, Aldebaran, Bellatrix, the lovely Pleiades, the Hyades, the mystic Algol, and all the others, led and inspired by the entrancing Harp of Lyra made an orchestra, not of Earth, but of Heaven, in grandest oratorio unto the dawn of day! And the harmony was unto their ears for the space of many minutes, even to the length of a half hour; and when it at last died away. up, and up, and up—beyond the fading stars, then did the two stand with

straining ears to catch the last departing waves as they floated softly up and beyond the range of human ear. And when all was silence, save for the soft, rhythmic plashing of the waves upon the shore, yet they waited—breathless, motionless, speechless—lost in rapture and wonder, for they knew they had listened to the Harmony of the Spheres, which the sparkling heavens are always pouring forth, but which hath been supposed to be reserved for the ears of the gods. Old thought! our dull perceptions do not respond to the higher vibrations, and few there be who answer to the call; but the Music of the Universe is ever audible in the silent watches of the early morn, to them who will attune themselves to hear. Hath not the Bard of Avon sung:

“There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st
But in his motion like an angel sings?”

The heavenly bodies are whirling in all directions, like “dancers in an airy hall.” Their motions, beating the ether, give out sounds, varying according to diversity of their magnitude and distances—variations of speed producing variations of sound all up and down the chromatic scale of harmony; and they had heard it—*so may you!*

The breathless silence which followed was crowded full of busy thought. They had beheld the glorious Color Harmony of the stars of night—white, blue, azure, yellow, creamy white, red, ruddy, rose colored, lilac, topaz, purple, orange, black—and as these were fading before the gathering rays of roseate morn, they had harkened to the Choral Har-

mony of the beauteous worlds as well. And the wonder of it all was upon them; and as the last faint echo died away, with one accord they exclaimed:

“Great and mighty Omnipotence, ‘let all nations bow before Thee, and declare Thy wondrous works!’”

And after a time the Pilot, even Martha, spake, saying:

“Wonders, indeed, fall at our feet upon this journey, which in the beginning opened unto physical sight such looming proportions; little do we wist what may hang upon a little change—however slight; so the events of this night have brought us into close accord with the Infinite; revealing the majesty and glory of the Omnipotent. Had we not been handed back our slips of cardboard, even the same which are written over with symbols and hieroglyphics, and been lifted into the sands by the side of the mighty deep, at the edge of the world, to wait twenty minutes that our own might come to us, we had now been sleeping peacefully in an upper chamber at the House of Entertainment. Surely, the events of this night are our own, and we will treasure up the memory of them forever and forever, and it will never depart from us.”

And the Stranger answered, saying:

“Even so! *how can it?*”

And again spake Martha, saying:

“Yes! *how can it?*”

And for a time silence was deep upon them. Then spake Martha, saying:

"We must not tarry longer, for lo! the dawn hath grown into day; behold again the eastern sky, and see the risen sun! that orb which in all lands maketh daytime. Let us hasten hence. But stay a moment, oh Stranger from the east country; knowest thou of what this same Sun is composed?"

And the Stranger wonderingly answered:

"Is it not a ball of fire?"

And Martha continued:

"Hot enough to be called a ball of fire, surely; and in fine, it really is a ball of fire; for the metallic and non-metallic elements of which it is composed are all reduced to liquid and vapor and gas, by its intense heat. And the most abundant of these are hydrogen, calcium, iron, manganese, nickel and titanium."

The Stranger stared sunward and gasped:

"Oh!"

The Pilot continued:

"And there is also barium, carbon, chonium, cobalt, germanium, helium, magnesia, platinum, silicon, silver, sodium and zinc."

The Stranger again gasped:

"Oh!"

"And," continued Martha, "we are told that there is strong evidence of the presence of aluminum, cadmium, copper, lead, molybdenum, oxygen, palladium, uranium and vanadium."

"Oh!!"

Martha went on:

"Besides these, there is indication of the existence of substances as yet entirely unknown on

Earth; but there are no signs of chlorine, nitrogen, gold, mercury, phosphorus, sulphur, and some other elements."

The Stranger, well nigh speechless at these awful revelations, glanced again Sunward, and gasped in unsteady voice:

"Oh! ! !——"

And then they went upon their way. After a time when they were come unto the Place of Moonstones, which is Redondo, they went into the room which is unto all people the waiting room; and there they tarried longer; and the car came not. But they cleaved unto their treasure, and rejoiced that they had not laid it down upon the sands. And, too, they had seen the tide come in!

* * *

Night, in the coast country of the Golden Gate, nigh unto the holy Christmas tide and unto the last stair that steps off into the mighty deep at the edge of the world, verily meaneth heavy mists, penetrating cold, shivering dampness, which doth drench the raiment—all of which bringeth an appetite like unto that of a sea wolf; and the two felt all these claims; but sat within the room, which is unto all people the waiting room, and they went not unto the place of sandwiches and coffee, lest a car might pass that way.

CHAPTER X.

KARMA, THE LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"I didn't say anything, did you?"

AND waiting, the Stranger murmured, and spake, saying:

"Sleep is upon us, we are hungry, weary and cold; we are crusted over with salt from this mighty Pacific, and along our route have we wrung the brine from our vesture; our shoes are packed with sand, our feet are blistered; our drenched, disarranged apparel and woeful disorder of toilet verily giveth unto us the appearance of tramps; the people who pass regard us with bold, undisguised curiosity, and amusement is upon their faces; we are far from the House of Entertainment within the City of the Angels, no car is in sight, albeit day is abroad in the land; sandwiches and coffee abide just beyond our reach, and the aroma floateth heavily upon the air, yet we may not go nigh unto the same lest we lose our will o' the wisp. Would that we might in this hour behold that trolley man, even he who lifted us into the sands of this mighty Pacific to wait twenty minutes, that we might smite him upon his cheek."

Then spake Martha, saying:

"Concern not thyself with the trolley man, neither let thy heart be troubled about many things; for the events which befall thee and me, come to us because we, and none else, have provided the conditions. Did we not, at the House of Entertainment, even in the hour of our departure, say unto all people: "We go forth this day and hour unto the Church of the Angels to worship and to pray?" and did we not, forsooth, turn into the broad and pleasant pathway which leadeth unto the water, yes? and the trolley man, even the false prophet, is likewise the dispenser of his own glory or gloom. Wist thee not, oh Stranger, that he hath this night handed unto Karma a large order?"

And the Stranger, much comforted, answered, saying:

"Even so, praise the Lord!"

* * *

* * *

* * *

But changes come in all conditions, no matter how great the desire to hasten or to retard. Change—constant change, is the law. Everything moves in cycles: "Night falls upon the lake and the forest," but anon, day again breaketh in the east; the seasons come and go, the lilies bloom and die—and the snows of winter are white upon the land; but always cometh the resurrection in the springtime. So, unto the two, at last came blessed deliverance. But the mystery of the lost electric remaineth a mystery still, and the same shall be unto all time: The ways of the trolley man are past finding out!

And a welcome rumble of wheels fell upon their ears, and thus the scene shifted. And when the car was nigh unto them, they ascended up into the same, and in comfortable seats, they knew that their troubles were fast nearing an end; and they sped away, and away, and away—toward the City of the Angels, toward the House of Entertainment—toward, most of all, sweet rest! and the man who took the toll came and stood before them; and they gave unto him their pieces of cardboard, even the same which were written over with symbols and hieroglyphics, and with a circle, which deciphered, meaneth “round trip,” and the same he quietly handed back to them, saying:

“Not good on this line, which same is the Pacific Electric; these cardboards belong to the Angel City people, both being unto the City of the Angels, and running side by side for some distance down the line. You can pay 35 cents each and remain on this car, or get off here and wait twenty min——”

He never finished the sentence; for never were handfuls of silver passed out to trolley man so eagerly. And then the two looked curiously at one another and smiled, but spake no word at that time, meditating, erstwhile, upon the fallacy of human assurance.

And when they were come unto the City and drew nigh unto the House of Entertainment, their friends of the night watch, beholding them from afar, ran to meet them, falling upon their necks.

And when they entered into the house they gave unto them dry raiment, and set before them some

slices of fatted calf; and all did eat, drink and make merry, for the lost were found.

And the time since they were lifted into the sands out of the trolley car unto the homecoming was not twenty minutes, but eleven hours!

And they ascended into an upper chamber to rest; and deep sleep fell upon them—for past was the night and its trials.

And when they had rested, even upon the following day, they departed in haste from the City, shaking from their feet the dust thereof. And they came again unto the house of Martha, which was amid the sweet scented orange groves, under the shadow of the mountain fastnesses, and in the calm, fair quiet of the evening, as they sat at tea by the cozy ingle-side, they spake one unto the other, saying:

“Truly, restful, and peaceful and sweet is the shadow of the mountains, and protecting shade of the orange groves; let them who will, journey forth unto the city and the beaches. We have gathered rich experience, and will be content to rest henceforth upon the memory of the same. Let us speak with caution of our late adventures within the gates of the City of Our Lady of the Angels, lest our neighbors believe our minds do wander and perform gymnastics.”

And so it came to pass at that time that no one knew what had befallen the two upon the sands of that mighty water called Pacific; and safe within the little bungalow, in the silence of the nights which followed, many times did they imagine that they heard the sound of the ceaseless lapping—lapping of the waves upon the shore, but they heeded not the call.

L'ENVOY.

And when the Stranger was come again unto her own country in the east, beyond the big prairies in the land of the great lakes, much people said unto her :

“Wherefore of the tides and horrid things which come up out of the waters and abide upon the shores of the wonderful coast country of the Golden Gate at the edge of the world?”

And the same things answered she them which are written in this book; and the same are added unto the tales brought yearly by travelers out from the coast country of the Golden Gate unto the east, concerning the tides of the great ocean.

* * *

And it came to pass that the two who went this way, even the pilot who had been there before, and the Stranger from the Wolverine country, send forth unto all nations of the globe, even to all the islands of the sea, and to all corners from whence come people to that wonderful coast country, at the edge of the world, this message :

“Accept with caution any prophecy which proceedeth out of the mouth of a trolley man of the Golden Gate country, who, with soft speech may lift thee out of his car upon the sands to wait for an electric; for, be it known unto all people, that out of the mouth thereof may come delusion; and their error remaineth with themselves, who, hearing these words, heed them not,” So be it forever and forever.

Peace be unto you.

THUS ENDETH THE ACCOUNT OF THE
SEARCH FOR THE LOST ELECTRIC.
WRITTEN DOWN BY THE STRANGER
FROM THE EAST COUNTRY, BEYOND THE
BIG PRAIRIES IN THE LAND OF THE GREAT
LAKES, THE HOME OF THE OJIBWAYS AND
THE CHIPPEWAS, AND OF THE WOLVERINE
PEOPLE; SET UP IN TYPE AND PRINTED BY
THE ALLEN PUBLISHING CO. IN THE CITY
OF JACKSON, AND STATE OF MICHIGAN IN
THE MONTH OF JANUARY AND YEAR ONE
THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND FOUR-
TEEN. THE SAME BEING AN ACCOUNT OF
AN ADVENTURE OF THE TWO WHO CAME
OUT OF THE SWEET SCENTED ORANGE
GROVES UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE
MOUNTAIN FASTNESSES OF THE COAST
COUNTRY OF THE GOLDEN GATE, IN THE
TIME OF THE FESTIVAL OF ROSES, WHICH
IS NIGH UNTO THE HOLY CHRISTMAS TIDE,
GOING ANGEL CITY WAY TO SEE THE GREAT
CARAVANS; WHICH SAME OCCURRED IN
THE LORD'S GOOD YEAR, ONE THOUSAND
NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHT.

